

Lincoln

WE strive in narrow selfish ways
To win advancement or have gain,
To gain rewards, to hear applause,
To be accounted great or wise;
We make convenience a cause,
And ever look with watchful eyes
For that approval, right or wrong,
According to the noisy throng
To them that have the wit to see
Which way the crowd intend to flee,
And brazenly pretend to be
The God-sent, glorious leaders there.

HE saw with vision true and clear,
And, crushing doubt and scornful fear,
Advanced, with conscience as his guide;
Discerning where the course was laid,
He waited not for wind or tide,
Nor for the mob's approval stayed;
A giant where weak pygmies rose
To jeer and clamor and oppose,
He pressed with godlike earnestness
And an unconquerable soul
Through hellish hate and bloody stress,
To die a martyr at the goal.

WE worry over little cares,
We mutter foolish, selfish prayers,
And think that God will deign to heed;
We scheme to keep our brothers back,
We long to dazzle or to lead,
And sigh for riches that we lack;
We covet honors and are proud
To win the favors of the crowd
That for a little while has time
To cheer us where we strut, to let
Us fancy we have grown sublime,
And then is ready to forget.

WE read the sad appeal that lies
Within his kindly, swollen eyes
And learn a little of his love;
We mark the lines upon his brow
And dimly see how much he bore,
And in our weakness wonder how;
We gaze upon the sculptured face,
And all the patient sorrows trace;
We search for vanity, for pride,
That human-like, he might have claimed,
Then thrust our little cares aside
And turn away, and are ashamed.

—S. E. KISER.

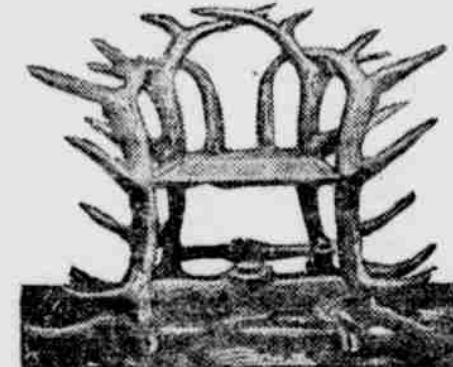
HAS CANE MADE BY LINCOLN

Kansas City Man Ranks Memento
Among the Most Precious of
His Possessions.

IRA HAWORTH of Kansas City has a cane and a gavel that were given to him in 1860 by Abraham Lincoln. They are made of the wood of a black walnut tree, which was cut down by Lincoln himself. Around the top of the cane is a band of German silver, upon which is engraved: "To Ira Haworth from Abraham Lincoln, 1860."

The cane was whittled out by Lincoln.

"Yes, Old Abe gave them to me," said Mr. Haworth as he drew the relics from a tin case in which he keeps them. "He gave them to me when I was chairman of the township committee in his home county. I used them during the campaign of



Chair Belonged to "Uncle Abe."

1860. When he gave them to me he said:

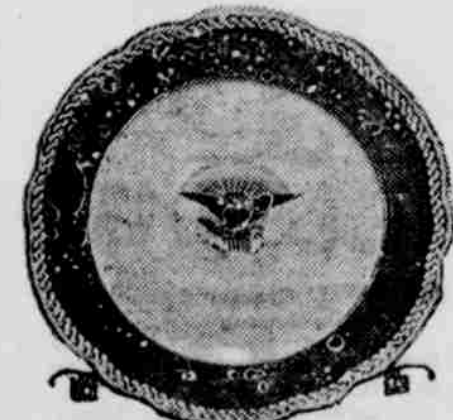
"This gavel is to keep order. The cane is to use when you get old. I know you will live old because the good die young."

"When Lincoln came back from congress he said to me:

"They're too smart for me up there. I don't feel at home."

"Lincoln and Douglas traveled the state in a buggy together. Both spoke at Paris, Ill., one day and I heard them. I remember it well. Douglas had then been talked of as a candidate for president, Lincoln had not. Douglas was a small man and he wore one of those long linen dusters, then in fashion; the duster touched his shoe tops. When Lincoln arose to

PLATE USED BY LINCOLN



Part of White House Furnishings,
Now in the Collection of Col.
W. H. Crook.

speak it was hot and dusty and everybody was tired.

"You have heard people talk of Douglas for president," he said. "He will never be president, however, and I'll tell you why. The people of the United States will never elect a man president who wears a linen duster that trails the ground. His coat tail is too long."

"This caused a great laugh and put every one in a good humor."

NEW STORIES OF LINCOLN

They Are Still to be Found
and Here Are Some Good
Ones Gathered from
Various Sources.



MAJOR MOSES VEALE tells a story of Lincoln which has not before been printed, and it shows again the great humane heart of the great martyr.

A colonel came one day to Stanton to get a permit to carry north for burial the body of his wife. She had been with the regiment down south and was accidentally killed. Stanton immediately refused to give the permit and the colonel went to see Lincoln.

The president was very much depressed by some adverse event and told the colonel very bluntly that such a request could not be entertained for a moment. The colonel was in terrible grief at the idea of not being able to bury his wife at home. All the consolation that Lincoln gave him was to remark:

"Sadness is the common heritage of us all, and we must all take our share."

The colonel in despair left the president and went to his rooms. Need-

COL. W. H. CROOK.



Lincoln's Famous Bodyguard With
Violin of Which He Was
So Fond.

less to say, he did not sleep a wink all night. But he did not suspect that Lincoln was in the same wakeful condition.

In the morning the colonel was surprised to hear a knock at his door. Going to open it, he found, to his surprise, that his caller was Lincoln.

"Colonel," said the president, "yesterday I was harsh and unkind to you and have been unable all night to sleep; come with me."

And they both called upon Stanton, and Lincoln saw that the permit was given to the colonel.

And here are some more stories, new in the sense that they have never before appeared in print:

Didn't Tell Congress.

A FARMER in Maine had two sons serving in the army and in their absence he tended to all the labor about the farm himself. By some accident or other he was incapacitated for further manual work and his farm was about to go to waste. He bethought himself of his two sons and wished eagerly that at least one of them were now with him. He determined to go to Lincoln and ask for the release of one of his sons. Most of his friends told him that his efforts would be fruitless. Nevertheless he went. He explained his dilemma to the president, who seemed rather uncertain. He also knew that Stanton would grow angry and resent such an action.

Finally he said: "All right, I'll let you keep one son and we will keep the other. You can tell Stanton that I have given all the members of congress the privilege of discharging one soldier, but don't tell it to the members of congress."

The boy was discharged, and needless to say none of the members of congress exercised their supposed right of discharging soldiers, of which right they were unaware.

Had Not Studied.

LINCOLN'S gentle method of refusing people's requests which he did not see fit to grant is illustrated by the following:

A very ignorant man, whom it was necessary to repulse, asked Lincoln for the post of doorkeeper to the White House. Lincoln took advantage of the man's stupidity without hurting his feelings.

"So you want to be doorkeeper of the house, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever had any experience in doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Umph—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever read any text on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with anyone who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for that important post?" said Lincoln in a reproachful tone.

"Yes, I do," said the applicant, and he took leave humbly, almost gratefully.

"One War at a Time."

PERHAPS no single sentence of Lincoln's had a more pervasive influence than one of five words, uttered at a time when the country was seething with indignation over the course of the administration in yielding to the demand of England for the return of the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, taken by an American man of war from a British vessel on the high seas, which demand, though insolent, was in accord with international law. To the perspiring patriots, who were vexing the air with clamorous protests, the careworn magistrate simply replied: "One war at a time." That calmed the storm. The country interpreted his words to mean: "Be patient, fellow citizens, and we'll get even with that big bully later on." Lincoln knew human nature.

Had Enough Generals.

LINCOLN enjoyed telling stories showing the soldiers' scoffing at rank and pretension.

A picket challenged a tug going up Broad river, South Carolina, with:

"Who goes there?"

"The secretary of war and Major General Foster," was the pompous reply.

"Ay! We've got major generals enough up here. Why don't you bring us up some hardtack?"

Here is a story showing the strongly emotional side of Lincoln's nature:

The president paid a visit to what was supposed to be the deathbed of young and brave Major Charles H. Houghton. The president asked to see the wound which was taking away so noble a life. The bandages were removed and then Lincoln groaned out aloud:

"Oh, this war! This awful, awful war!"

He sobbed like a child and shamelessly let the hot tears trickle down his cheeks. They made furrows in his dusty, travel-stained face and fell upon the spotless white sheets. He then took the pale face of this boy of twenty between his hands and kissed it just below the damp, tangled hair.

"My boy," he cried out, weeping, "you must live! You must live!"

The first gleam of real throbbing life came into the dull eyes of the boy major. He recognized the president and managed to drag his hand to his forehead as if in salute.

"I intend to, sir," were the words faintly uttered by the boy.

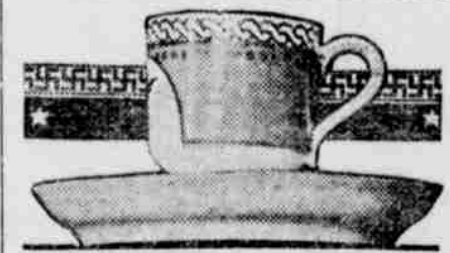
And strangely enough, though all hope had been given up by the physicians, he lived.

Concerning Lies.

NOAH BROOKS relates that when he had been at some pains, one day, to show the president how a California politician had been coerced into telling the truth without knowing it, Lincoln said it reminded him of a black barber in Illinois, notorious for lying, who, hearing some of his customers admiring the planet Jupiter, then shining in the evening sky, said:

"Sho, I've seen that star before. I seen him 'way down in Georgy." The president continued: "Like your Call-

OWNED AND USED BY LINCOLN.



Cup and Saucer Treasured as a Relic
in Washington.

formal friend, he told the truth, but thought he was lying."

Lincoln has been censured for indulging too much in his pastime of story telling. But his own view of the matter is seen in his remarks to some one who once asked him to tell one of his good stories.

"I believe," said the president, "I have the popular reputation of being a story teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose or its effect that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others, or a laborious explanation on my own part by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save wounded feelings and yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story teller, but story telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

"For him her old-world molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."

—Lowell.

Lincoln's Standard

DO the very best I know how—the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

—Abraham Lincoln

LIFE HISTORY OF GREAT PRESIDENT

Lincoln's Career Can Not Be Too
Attentively Studied by the
Youth of America.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose figure history has already transfigured, and whose memory is revered by all peoples, was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, a descendant of Samuel Lincoln of Norwich, England, and the son of Thomas Lincoln, an uneducated and thriftless carpenter, who had married Nancy Hanks. Few books came within his way in boyhood, but he had access to the Bible, Shakespeare, "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and a history of the United States and Weems' Washington, the reading and re-reading of which laid the foundation of that mastery of idiomatic English which he was to show so often in later life.

At the age of twenty-one he accompanied his father to Illinois, and there won reputation as a rail-splitter by helping to clear and plant some 15 acres of land. In 1831 he made acquaintance with slavery in a trip to New Orleans, renewing the experience ten years afterward.

After slight service as a volunteer, Lincoln settled at New Salem, entered for a while into politics, tried his fortunes in a dry goods and grocery store, and finally settled down to the study of law. In May, 1833, he was appointed to postmastership of New Salem, and held the position for three years.

Elected to the legislature as a Whig in 1834, Lincoln was sent to congress in 1846, from which date began his public campaign against slavery and his oratorical contest with his rival, Stephen A. Douglas. On July 1, 1852, he delivered his eulogy on Henry Clay, and in October, 1854, spoke powerfully against the extension of slavery into the territories. Lincoln, after being again returned to the legislature, was on June 17, 1856, named for vice-president at the Republican nominating convention in Philadelphia. Then followed his challenge to the seven famous debates with Douglas, and in May, 1860, his nomination as candidate for president at the Republican national convention in Chicago.

The platform adopted, while demanding that slavery be forbidden in the territories, denied the right of congress to interfere with slavery in the states. The south now prepared for secession. Lincoln, elected to the presidency, denied in his inaugural address the right of any state or number of states to leave the Union. The reply of the Confederate government was General Beauregard's bombardment of Fort Sumter. The president at once called out 75,000 volunteers, and the war for the Union was on. The history of the conflict was thenceforward a part of Lincoln's own political history until his death by the hand of an assassin on April 14, 1865.

"The martyr president," says Ward Lamon, in his life of Abraham Lincoln, "was six feet four inches high, the length of his legs being out of all proportion to that of his body. When he sat on a chair he seemed to tower from the chair to the crown of his head; but his knees rose high in front. He weighed about 180 pounds, but was thin through the breast, narrow across the shoulders, and had the general appearance of a consumptive subject. Standing up, he stooped slightly forward; sitting down, he usually crossed his long legs or threw them over the arms of the chair. His head was long and tall from the base of the brain and the eyebrows; his forehead high and narrow, inclining backward as it rose.

"His ears were large and stood out; eyebrows were heavy, jutting forward over small sunken blue eyes; nose long, large and blunt; chin projecting far and sharp, curved upward to meet a thick lower lip, which hung downward; cheeks flabby, the loose skin falling in folds; a mole on one cheek and an uncommonly prominent Adam's apple in his throat.

"Every feature of the man—the hollow eyes, with the dark rings beneath; the long, sorrowful, cadaverous face, intersected by those peculiar deep lines; his whole air, his walk, his long and silent reveries, broken at intervals by sudden and startling exclamations, as if to confound an observer who might suspect the nature of his thoughts—showed that he was a man of sorrows not of today or yesterday, but long treasured and deep, bearing with him continual sense of weariness and pain."

EVER READY TO DO KINDLY ACT

Concert Singer Tells How Abraham Lincoln Helped to Move Her Piano.



WHEN court was in session in Decatur, Ill., Judge Davis presided. Court week was always looked for with great interest by the people of the county seat. It was customary for the entire bar of the district to follow the court from county to county; but although most of the lawyers traveled to only three or four counties, Judge Davis, Mr. Lincoln, and Leonard Swett went the whole circuit; Davis because he had to, Lincoln because he loved it, and Swett because he loved their company.

It was in court week that my piano arrived in Decatur. The wagon backed up to the steps of the Mason house, where I was staying, but the question how to unload it puzzled the landlord. Just then the court adjourned and a crowd appeared. The men gathered curiously around the wagon that blocked the entrance.

"There is a piano in that box that this woman here wants some one to help unload," explained the landlord. "Who will lend a hand?"

A tall gentleman stepped forward, and throwing off a gray Scotch shawl, said, "Come on, Swett, you are the next biggest man."

LINCOLN'S LIFE AN INSPIRATION

Why He Will for All Time Be Numbered With the Greatest of the Earth.



HERE are characters so great that their memorials are tributes to those who read them. It is so with Abraham Lincoln. To preserve a fame that is undying, the appropriation by congress of \$2,000,000 was not needed. As proof of a nation's grateful appreciation it was wise and generous.

We hear much these days of philosophy, most of it not understandable. There are societies that study profoundly and profess to comprehend. These circles are small and the results that they gain are uncertain.

But the philosophy of a life like Lincoln's takes hold upon millions; it abides in the hearts and minds of men; it influences nations; it inspires whole races. In comparison with it what other is worth while?

Born in wretched poverty, an ill-favored child upon whom and whose parents our learned professors would

The DAIRY



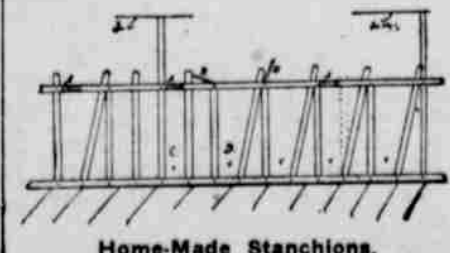
HOME-MADE COW STANCHIONS

One Shown in Illustration Is Simple in Construction and Will Keep Animals Comfortable.

(By J. W. GRIFFIN.)

For the man who is starting his dairy on a small scale, and one who is not able to buy the latest and most up-to-date stanchions, the drawing will explain to him one of the simplest in construction, neatest in appearance, and one that is durable, and will keep the cows in a comfortable position, either standing or lying down.

The lower rails should be of 2x6 inch material, that of the top, 2x4 inch. The uprights all of 2x4 inch. The lower rails should be laid off before they are fastened to the floor. There are two runs of each the top and the bottom rails and the uprights work between them. The entire structure is fastened together with 5-16 inch bolts, 6 1/2 inches long. Bore the holes 15 inches apart in each of the runs, and see that the top holes are directly over the low-



Home-Made Stanchions.

That was my first meeting with Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln went into the basement where the landlord had a carpenter shop, and returned with two heavy timbers across his shoulders. With them he made a slide between the wagon and the front doorsteps. He got the piano unloaded, with the assistance of Mr. Linder and Mr. Swett, amid the jokes of the crowd.

Before they had screwed the legs into place, dinner was announced, and the men hurried to the back porch, where there were two tin wash basins, a long roller towel and a coarse comb for the guests.

After dinner Mr. Lincoln superintended the setting up of the piano, and even saw to it that it stood square in the center of the wall space. He received my thanks with a polite bow, and asked, "Do you intend to follow court and give concerts?" The immense relief expressed on his countenance when I assured him that he would not be called upon to move the piano again was very amusing.

"Then may we have one tune before we go?" he asked, and I played "Rosin the Bow," with variations.

Some one shouted: "Come on, boys, the judge will be waiting!" After I had assured them that, if they desired it, I would give my "first and only concert on this circuit" when they returned to the hotel in the evening, the crowd dispersed.

That night I played and sang numerous songs, all of which met with applause. As a finale I sang "He Doeth All Things Well," after which Mr. Lincoln, in a very grave manner, thanked me for the evening's entertainment, and said: "Don't let us spoil that song by any other music to-night." Many times afterward I sang that song for Mr. Lincoln; he was always fond of it—Mrs. J. M. John's "Personal Recollections."



How much different and better modern photography is than was the photography of a few years ago.

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W. E. Baker
Alma

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PNEUMONIA

left me with a frightful cough and very weak. I had spells when I could hardly breathe or speak for 10 to 20 minutes. My doctor could not help me, but I was completely cured by

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New Discovery

Mrs. J. E. Cox, Joliet, Ill.

50c and \$1.00 at ALL DRUGGISTS.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF GRATIOT.

At a session of said court, held at the probate office, in the Village of Ithaca in said county, on the 16th day of January 1914.

Present: J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Alfred Holmes and Nancy J. Cohoon deceased.

Ralph Richardson having filed in said court his petition praying that said court adjudicate and determine who were at the time of their death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized, respectively.

It is ordered, that the 16th day of February 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Alma Record a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

Belle Tenne, clerk of Probate.

First insertion Jan. 22.